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Blank Book

THE BLANK BOOK

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SONG TO SUSAN

FIRST LINES

It's the three o'clock deadline
and I'm reaching for your hands
taking them from your face
placing the points to a time
to make amends...
But will the clown pull out the plug
before I come to an end?
And send the electric shock
running down the drain?
I hoped it was the three o'clock life line
trying to find the time
to run onto the field
outside the fifty yard line
and steal the football
and ruin the game plan...

But this was the "ass who's got no class,"
The clown with a frown, who'd run round
in circles, doing cartwheels
Listen to the sound of a side show
trying to steal (or keep) the Bill!
Not much of a thrill
to see the tarpaulin run over the field
but before the storm!
Just isn't the norm to take the ball
from the center, and dispute it's possession:
"It belongs to US, not YOU, ASS!"
Now, listen before I'm through
And you run me out of the stadium
Like you always do..."
An overgrown child, who's not so mild
In fact he's quite wild
Just like the spoiled brat in the neighborhood
who went and took his tape deck home with him
Perhaps it's not just music that'd bore you sick
Eighteen or not...
OR

One

Sit with you in the bleachers
Where the stands are sitting
Wondering why I can't seem'
to be fitting into these seats
where the aisles are filled
with unfilled beer cans and roach clips
and dampened papers of Nixon's linen
and, of course, the line-up
rolled into a ball thrown across the hall
But where was the program, Sam
or don't you give a damn about the rules
or the tools
Well, neither do we, as you can see,
We'll just make them up as we go along
How's that for ass-thetics or phony-etics
No need to heed the bleeding internal wound.
Just pick up my state of confusion
sail it out to a spot on the sea
And the irony of this reality
is that it's away from the Mass
O don't want to take down the stars
But the field is black, after all
and far from the white streak clouds
and blue sky which once seemed reachable
(The leach has sucked in its lungs
and only begun to breathe.)
Now eaths around the edges to taste the crude
For once...Reflect the waste:
"I'm your drunken dummy at exam time
who can only return questions to you
Play ping pong politics in the lounge
Beating my meat to the beat of a speaker box
Doping and Duping, pie in the sky with new crust
Show the rust that's on the wired chord.
Making and murdering mechanical minds
Can we find the feeling again
O don't want to take down the stars
But they seem so far away, after all
Even the lights on the field are growing dim
Satisfy our latest whim,
Drink up your cup of hot consomme
after we've waited in line
without questioning the prices stuck onto the board,
seeing no pearl of the quarter at last score

two

North Station at the Garden,
Only the exit signs are on
And the harpies are singing:
"Shut off the lights and they'll be no more fright
Cause there'll be no more sight
Can't see all the inequity in a blackened sea
When all the monsters lie below."
Please don't be too soon with the harpoon
Turn on the lampoon...

II.

O Susan, please don't sue me,
because I know it's been rude of me
to write you a song to which you might not belong
But, You were the writer, who would "make things right"
perhaps give a little insight into the play of the day
Or was this your sport?
Remember you had dropped your books
and when you had started to sort them back again
Was there any order?
How many more games were on those pages
And carbon copied characters on their stages
Doomed to sitting in a darkened room of abstractions
Trying to reflect the light through the rest of the house
Which might break windows if allowed to pass through
Please sit with me in that room
Employ and destroy the tomb of self
Arbitrate this wonderless one and the many
Let alone two into one
No Please Hate me Instead! To Stick inside the Head
How else to Manifestate the Metaphysical Fart
or Masturbate away the Heart...
A Path for Me? I can only see a Path for Thee
No longer can we trip over our trips
O not let alone
When tears have been bled from the eyes
and the eagle has flown its' solitary flight
the destiny and destruction is manifest:
Turkey wings are eaten at Thanksgiving
and left over stuffing is stuck in my throat
Paper plates are put in place of China

three

The last trust in thanks
sits in a reservation camp
and the Lone Ranger is alone
Shooting at renegades in the desert
Mole men Media pushed back underground
The earthquake forms like an ulcer
Well let's see the disease, or else we'll never be free
or the ugly cancerous sore
No stranger, the Lone Ranger
is robbing and roping at 50 miles per hour
(We're not even at midfield)
herding his cattle, pointing to the flowers
that have been built by the bowels
of long gone steers...
Huxley's bird is screaming "here and now..."
The page is torn loose by the blowing of fans
Maybe we could use it for papers for the rest of the ounce
No! Tear it up or cure the sickness!
Or extoll the Jamaica Jerk-off:
Come with the Madman across the Water
Judy and Totoe have crashed back to the ground
And the new roads must be built and others to be found
Face the COZMIC ABSURDITY: Last breath Euphoria
O well
Maybe you could write scripts for soap operas
While Mirk and Millie were watching at home
sitting in a pile of cracker crumbs;
And Captain Video was recruiting your brother!
Barrels of sea men swim out of a magic box
which spreads its legs on the middle of the floor
Zappa finally unzips the "slime outta your t.v. set,"
Silver Screen Syphyllitics or the A-V.D.

But you were the reporter, no sorter,
You sang the stats and the chat at the end of the game
Or more of the same.
You might even reflect how the hot consume
happened to spill upon your notebook.
How we were so huddled together for warmth
Certainly looks like another session in depression
O let us bring back a regression
To Feelings and Truth before
Our Season's Tickets are taken for good.
No let's save this digression
until the procession is done.

four

Even now you are leery of leaders
who certainly don't cheer very much:
The anthem is spangled,
or is it fandangled, and the cherries
well they only manage to mangle it more
Another day at the game,
But somehow it's just not the same
Yesterday's candy wrappers and confetti
were missing, and the maintenance men
looked for the bags of gladrags to spread about
But it was no use to dig up the good refuse
The Team struggled to stay above the .500 ball
Wonder if they can stay in the first division
Thinking about not going to see them at all
Cutting Richardson and Cox from the squad
And wasn't it odd that Love be castigated
Yes Love...The Energy Czar
Certainly can't get very far
Without Love in the Line
How many more draft choices do we have?
Lost by a buck to the Market
The Oilers swamped us last week
Must we seek another back to lead the attack
Perhaps the equipment's at fault
When the Defence can't halt the traps
The clashing of helmets and pads
Spikes dig into the other half of the field
Is it too warm now to isolate?
Whips and whistles, the hiss of the crowd
grows louder as some calls are missed
Even those that are listed seem misted
The court is jesting and resisting the fall
of the calls; everything is in fair ground
Yes, everything goes at the porno show
The Back teases his public and republic
throws out his jock strap, legitimate linen
after the refs have whipped out the flags
Yet he still has 3 quarters to stay on the rag
Who are the sponsors that are pimping the show
You know, "We pause for station identification."
How 'bout, "Small feet for YOUR identification."

J.Mercure

five

Melvin can be found in the kitchen quite often. Certainly, the kitchen, being a room most easily accessible to satisfy his immediate appetite. Now he laughs a bit derisively at himself because his other hungers don't seem to be so readily appeased. Perhaps, his infatuation with the golden Westinghouse doors was, after all, just compensation for all of the other doors which were being shut in his face. In a fit of passion, Melvin shouted out aloud, "Everything must be opened! That means freezers and ovens alike..."

Mother usually curtailed his hysterical excursions through the opened cupboards before he managed to jelly and jam his bread, the counter top and most of the floor under the sink. Obviously, Melvin's gluttony wasn't methodical. However, he did have aspirations to taking a bed, planting it right on the table top in order to arbitrate the feedies of the night. And dream of fountains of fruit in candy lands. Wouldn't this be the best perspective to take for the obese? Or the can-good-guardian can find his balance when all one's needs are in reach at any given time or whim...

The minimal amount of squashed, sauteed onions are pushed to the rear of the shelf, far from the reach of the unwanting hand. How long had they been there? Remnants of a romance not long ago still had their place-like memories, but hidden by other labels and packages, probably weighing the same. I suppose that the ultimate joke is that all of this should make you cry. On the contrary, Melvin imagined some great canning monopoly which was probably responsible for the whole mess.

"Damned toaster. Look at this burnt bread again!" Everything was just as he wanted it except for that toaster. Mother entered with a bulk of groceries and laid them by the cellar steps, discriminating the hard and soft objects into their proper placement on the shelves. But Melvin was oblivious, and continued to stuff his face until every area from his tartared toe to his potatoed ear should surely be manifested. He did manage to nod in his customary direction.

Rit

"Melvin, you can get your own glass of milk. I'm busy right now, can't you see?"

Melvin is incredulous, "Mom, I've got this system worked out to perfection. If I get up, I'm liable to fall right over again!"

Mother walks past the toaster, and suddenly shouts, "There's too many extensions on this outlet! It's no wonder you don't burn the bread and the house as well..."

Melvin can only murmur, "Hypothetical madness..." He has stopped fingering his plate, and wonders if it will reach the plastic drainer in the sink. His deliberation was to no avail; the porcelain shattered into pieces on the lip.

Mother looks on in despair, but can only sigh. Melvin takes an empty cereal box and tears it about the edges, using the new creased surface to sweep up the remains of the plate.

He looks at flustered Mom and walks to the porch, contemplating the backyard. With a sweep of the cardboard, he shakes the particles into the jungle. The door is left opened.

"God dammed trash. Next thing you know and we'll be eating it..."

J. Mercure

flven

FIELDS

Fields that fasten to the farmlands
Fields where feasting insects prey
Buzz the humming singing wings
That whistle as they pass us by
Calls the songs they preach all summer
Hymns so cruel that make us cry

Fields afresh anew with flowers
Crops replace the tangled weeds
Hungry children work at harvest
Filled now of their desperate needs

Night will bring the wind and showers
Drench the fields and wake the child
Sleeping yet so ever soundly
By the wild country side

Winter brings the snow that follows
Calls the world to silence, still
Wheat crops stored in bins from Autumn
Crackling fire relieves the chill

Fields inviting fresh with promise
For the coming warm that lasts
Brings a quiet yearning springtime
To the fields that we pass

Elizabeth Killoran

Eight

THE MAGIC FLUTE

The piper plays upon his reed
That in the wood his friends may hear
And while the farmer sows the seed
He knows the flock is drawing near

By the well a young girl waits
Sweet like foal and innocent
For her love anticipates
But knows not where he went

Into the woods
And by the streams
Tossing rocks
Where jay birds scream
Wildier than a frightened colt
He dashes like the lightning bolt

And as the day goes on and on
The little child climbs past the rocks
All the world he looks upon
Scrapes his knees and tears his socks

Sees a little fleeting form
Cutting 'cross the meadow's green
Little lady things he's gone
But at last her love has seen

As she passes by the cow
Shakes her head with much contempt
For the master's absence now
Because she knows not where he went!

From the hill above the green
Comes a trill, a pretty tune
Searching for the magic flute
Pondering the wood and stream

Where, this bird, who's song so loud
Fills the valley where she stands,
Reaching upward to the cloud?
Pursuing it with tiny hands

Little child that plays below
Running wildly to and fro
Leading ever-watchful eyes
Waiting like two cautious spies

Trills the pipe again
Taunting everyone
Basking in its refuge
Like the noon day sun

As the girl grows famished
And returns to home
Leaving sad the piper
On the hill alone

Were this tune for no one
Except the one that played
The pipe would be too somber
To please an empty maid

The sheet would be much fatter
And as the meadow bared,
Little boys much cleaner
In pants that never teared

Why would one climb to the rocks
But to taunt with trills
Little lovely nymphs that laugh
Beneath the heaven's hills?

Elizabeth Killoran

ten

CHRISTIAN'S VERSE

Twelve angels cross a misty gate and hover there,
Their silken wings are fans that stir the misty air;
Chilled clouds, once still, beat round like cock vanes,
And churning bodies swirl about Queen Saturn's Ring,
In rhythm with the lyres the sacred bear,

Mere rivulets in the reign
Of the resurrected King.

A distant light wanders far beyond this silent satellite,
Like one that led the sheperds to a strange enlightened child,
Like Venus' Halo, cameo-white, madonna-mild;
A chosen guide that leads its flock o'er desert sea and hill,
Now frozen like a portrait in December's midnight chill.
A cold that soon will penetrate our bonds of disbelief,
As parables to ponder in union with our grief.

On high is heard the singing of Pope Gregory's Chants and Canticles
In monophonic textures of glorious antiphonal,
In answer to the East, the West responds,
Developing their theme into a new song,
The written word, now here for all that read,
In gospel, epistle, parable, and creed,
Tonight resumes its power--it's Christian's Eve.

This snow-shrouded shore and the glass Sea of Galilee
Stand like mirrors before a vast, barren world.
The celestia that float deep within
Sparkle like tiny pools of plankton.
If in a net truth could be grasped,
And all the lies strained through its mesh,
Then what a fine thing indeed I'd catch.

In the distance, upon a ridge, there stands a tree,
Much like the burden on Mt. Calvary
Gusts of wind drive ice into its sacrificial flesh, and oh,
How the crowned king of nature's boughs do scream--
I hear its crying half a mile away,
And now it seems that one is on it as I stare.

God, had you no mercy for your son?
"Eloi, eloi, lama sabacthane,
He cried; yet the crowds mocked the bleeding Jesus
As he died. It is your strange sense of right
That makes you seem most wrong.
Why should the weak in lust be cricified,
As the planet gets demolished by the strong?

Yonder flies the demon that frets its prey.
Robber of God's riches, master of deceit,
Like the moon gathering up the light of day,
He consumes strays on the path of sheep.
Go, remnant archangel; drop from this sky like a poison dart;
Fall from your broken umbilical bough;
Drip from your cocoon like the crushed worm inside;
Crash as the shooting star, now!

Twelve Apostles
creation of Solar System
cock vanes-weather vanes
swirl about the sun like
the ring around Saturn

the vastness of God

satellite-Earth
Christ
describes the light &
enlightenment

Gregorian Chants & songs
praising the Blessed Virgin
alternating choruses
Christianity responds to
Judaism
new song-New Testament

Christmas Eve

reflections of planets
& stars

My God, my God, why have
you forsaken me?

Devil
robber-steals God's flock
borrowing from God's
tactics to gain followers

eleven

Silent, evil oppressor,
I will bear with your wickedness no more.
The strains of holy spirits, lurking just beyond this door,
Entreat my ears with sweet refrains of fragrant peace.
Who could stand your tyranny?
What fool would bargain his soul
To be without thee?

Oh, rapturous divinity,
Though I be far parted from my Jerusalem,
And the war front,
Where your land cries with despondency;
And the Earth's greed may soon be drenched with Gentile blood;
Since yesterday the red sea crossed the Concord bridge,
Would you now save your soil from tomorrow's flood?

Heaven, death

Devil's

Heaven

red sea-British
Would God save his
Jerusalem from destruction
if he let war flourish in
a concord land?

the concord bridge is
symbolic for a place of
peace.

ELIZABETH KILLORAN

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ELIZABETH KILLORAN

SALVATION TO GO

Christ walked into McDonald's one day,
and ordered a Big Mac and a coke to stay.
He saw the Golden Arches; the Boast in bold letter,
and wondered who served the 13 billion better.

I guess I'm another of those choosy pickers,
after careful consideration I selected a Snickers
With a fistful of peanuts in every bite.
O Machine! O goddess of gastronomic delight,
I paid no attention to the sign "out of order"
and in passionate frenzy I lost my last Quarter.

HELENA, MONT.

Waiting in line at a hamburger stand,
Far away, in a wild western land,
I suddenly saw a presumptuous plaque,
That assaulted my soul with a gas attack.

Clutching arrows and olive, with stars and ray-beams
E pluribus Unum in agony screams
The plastic Eagle, in golden array
Draped in a banner that proudly proclaims;
McDonald's: The American Way.....

Steve Kelly

thirteen

FOUR YEARS OF IT:

We've been:

Ego-ed and Id-ed, Ist-ed and Ism-ed.
Drilled, quizzed, oralled and tested,
Chaucered and Frosted, Homered, Tempested.
McCarthyed, McGoverned and Shirley Chisholmed;
Square-rooted, Don't shoot it, and logarithmed.

We've seen:

Diagrams, photos, movies and slides;
Vietnam, Cambodia and Kent State,
Videos, maps and lectures besides
Inflation, the Mid-East and Watergate.
Oppression and Injustice - are we too late?

Most of us look for reality ahead,
when we should look behind us instead.
In business and politics, as in study and fun,
The B.S. we get has just begun.

THE TRIUMPH OF BRAWN OVER BRAIN

We give all honor and praise to our athletes,
their training and games, their physical feats.
Meanwhile, a good student struggles each day,
Inglorious, lackluster, he earns an A.
Nobody cares who he is or what he says,
All attention is focused on the home team away.

We're forced to take four semesters of gym,
"To keep us in shape, our bodies trim"
by tired teachers, none overly slim.
The academic requirements are stretched very thin:
Take six credits of this, try a couple of these,
a taste and a nibble - our Liberal Arts degrees.

Metaphysical questions to some are vexations,
That's nothing compared to muscle flexations.
The problems and suffering of the outside world
don't matter, as long as the javelin is hurled.

Steve Kelly

fourteen

THE PENALTY

Our state legislators, in enlightened fear,
have set us back thousands of years.
For now certain crimes, that to them seem unfair,
will be retributed by a zap on the electric chair.
Hell, that's humane, a punishment less dread,
than hanging by the neck, until pronounced dead.

Whenever we cannot solve a difficult situation,
the best relief known is it's elimination.
If we put them in jail for the rest of their days,
think of all the money the taxpayer pays.
A little electricity is very cheap
compared to a lifetime of food and upkeep.

So the best way to save
us from those crimes horrendous,
is to bless and shave
the heads that offend us
and march them down to that horrible seat,
the fear of which will take crime off the streets.

HOPE...

It stands tall and erect, very impressive
as we mull about, happy and festive.
The planners smile in delight -
It certainly is an impressive sight.
A powerful thing - most men will say -
that herein, Hope, for the future does lay.
The region below rumbles and shakes;
in sympathy, the earth reels and quakes,
Intense heat, a thrust, and off it shoots,
a sigh of relief, then cheers and hoots -
as into dark space the missile speeds
through wet, heavy air travels our Seed.
"We've done it, She's off!" "There's relief on each face;
we have saved democracy from total disgrace!
Two encapsulated astronauts to the moon's dust race,
we've beaten the Russians in the struggle for space.

Steve Kelly

fifteen

ON CROSSING THE MOJAVE DESERT...

The burning road stretches on forever,
above, the pale, stifling sun is ablaze
Your parched eyes seem blurred, you're never
sure if it's your vision or the hellish haze
that obscures the mountainous horizon.

Heat waves dance on the land and your car,
mirages of water are close, then far.
Scrubby cactus and burnt grass screams
in the heat. The soil is useless as the sun beams
down and beats this dry, wicked land.

Nature batters this wasteland every day,
A curse, a warning; nature's way, --
of fighting off men; of saving space --
against expansion and development - Nature's disgrace.
No one could possibly live in this place.

But in the time of our country's greatest Sin,
Places were found to fence the red men in.
To keep them isolated and break their pride,
and stop their delay of our western expansion,
as we settled and raped the countryside,
of what was their's and now is ours.

Indians live in this inferno, prisoners of the sun,
While rich people drive to Las Vegas for fun,
in cars air conditioned for luxury.
Also crossing the desert are tourists like me;
who can casually say - gee, it's a pity,
and in four hours be in Los Angeles.

If this does not phase you, here's something that might,
besides nature's wrath, we've mushroomed their plight;
for there lurks a lunacy, designed for devastation
that lives on the desert with the indian reservation.
It's just another way for us to prove our Might,
On the desert we've built a nuclear testing site.

Steve Kelly

sixteen

GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

It is a rocky, robust recluse
in the highest and most remote
part of Montana. The air is thin
and clean - it invigorates blood and brain -
hearts pound faster; not just because the
oxygen percentage is reduced.
We are awed by the immense, stony-eyed
giants, capped and
restrained under tons of ice and snow.
Up here, we can see for miles - millions
of toothpick pines and a multitude of
mountain peaks that pound and pierce
a fractured and surrenduring sky.
Men have called these mountains majestic,
but kings bow down and squirm at their feet.
Men say they are a manifestation of god,
--- his supreme effort - a chapel that
needs no priest.
But god is a manifestation of them.
As a chef turns unknowingly away from soup
about to boil over, so did god turn for a second.
They surpassed his original intention -
he meant to restrict their splendor so as
not to be outdone.

We are awkward invaders in a foreign
land. Here is the home of soaring eagles;
a sight few men see and fewer forget.
Giant grizzlies silently sneak off
at the sounds made by sacrilligious hikers.
Pray you never startle one, though.
Big horn sheet carefully balance in a
fragile environment.
This is the last refuge for powerful
and beautiful animals, for years
hated as livestock killers, for years
loved as wall adornments.
Now they must share their last corner
of survival with the ignorant,
the arrogant, the curious folk
who trample and litter this last temple.
As we Americans always do,
we've made this land a museum,
a monument of things as they used to be.
Most species here are almost extinct.
The most common sounds are the sighs and pants
of a paying public - the spectators of
nature's greatest show on earth. As people move in
animals move out. Too bad we can't build a
thousand foot high fence around it; or perhaps
we can encase it in a giant geodesic dome.
Then, even the eagles could not escape.

Seventeen

Steve Kelly

She knew Sylvia Plath, and her life had been changed
When she discovered that the Sylvia she had known
Had been that Sylvia Plath,

Why! she had talked to her Sylvia
Just as though she had been anyone's Sylvia!
And! Golly! she had been amused
When people would ask "What was she really like?"

"Was she different?"
"Did her poetry break through her petty talk?"
"I mean was she always just a Sylvia -- or was she ever Sylvia Plath?"

Well, that wasn't her real name you know -- When I knew her --
She was somebody's grand-daughter --

"Oh! what was her grandfather's name?"

I remember -- he worked --
Somewhere around here, and golly! he and his wife --
Oh! what was her name? No -- not Sylvia's -- her grandmother's!"
They went to the synagogue -- not to our church --

Well, anyway -- Sylvia -- used to come over there to play--

"Sylvia Plath playing!"
"My! you were lucky! Did you play with her?"
"I mesn -- what ever did you play?"

Well, remember, she wasn't Sylvia then -- I mean she wasn't Sylvia Plath then --
And she did go to the synagogue
And my mem'ry isn't too good --
But, oh! yes! we played -- she was a good playmate
And when we played -- That was when she had really known that Sylvia --

"But what did you play? "

"Well, we didn't play -- so much --
So much as talk -- and we talked a lot--
Sylvia -- that Sylvia had a funny way of talking
She could never look you in the eye -- and
When she talked -- she looked right through you -- right past you --
Sort of off into the --

"Wow! you talked to Sylvia plath!"

How she loved that ocean -- I mean
Even when she talked, I sort of had the feeling
She would cross that ocean one day, and cross it she did!"

Eighteen

She never came back you know --
The last time we played together --
She told me that she was going to go across the ocean --
She said it in a funny way --
Like the way she talked about her daddy --
I never liked her when she talked about her daddy --
I never met him, but she never said a word that was kind about him --
Never a word:

Nobody around her had ever met him,
But my daddy said that anybody who was that cruel to her daddy --
So I never told my daddy what she said about her daddy,

But -- somehow -- he knew
That she had said bad things and he would
Scowl

And say: "Has she been saying nasty things about her daddy?"

And I would imitate her when she gazed across the ocean,
And I wouldn't answer
And I'd say -- "Who? Daddy, Who?"

I miss her, and maybe someday I'll go across that ocean, too.

Nineteen

Good Evening, Emily --

We've come to pay our scared visit in the cold midnight when the
Moon is the only light to read you final greetings

Good Evening, Emily --

We've come to stand beside you in the cold night --
And greet you with distant love and admiration --
Love because you suffered through all those custards
And those relatives who would not have dared to understand
Your sickness --
Nor your greatness

I'll pull my cowl over my head -- like the olden woemn in the old church
To show that I have respect for you
And what you were trying to say.

Will anyone ever know what you spoke?
Damn your snakes and your buzzing flies --
Here in the cold moonlight they almost make sense --
But the cold is the cold of distance --
And the distance is greater than the cold your death expresses.

I can only see a tombstone,
And that not too well,
But I hear your words --
Elf-like, but waspish,
And somehow I feel that the tomb is too cruel for someone like you --

You loved life and though you would never admit it,
Life loved you -- It gave you your grave
But immortality -- and I share your immortality
By standing by your grave
In the cold midnight moon-lit splendor
Where your words have greater meaning than ever before

I shall come again, but
I shall come to take with me some of your immortality.

Until then,
Good night, Emily, good night, and good-bye!

Twenty

"LET US RETURN TO THOSE YESTERYEARS-----"

My telephone rang early last Wednesday morning, and a voice from the past, a former high-school class officer identified herself and informed me that she was re-checking addresses prior to the mailing of invitations for our high school reunion. It had been 10 years since the first and last reunion and I enjoyed the social gathering and renewal of old friendships; as well as the curiosity surrounding the various occupations and chosen professions of former classmates. I replied that I was eagerly awaiting the next reunion with great anticipation, and I also hoped everyone could be available on this occasion.

Our last reunion was held on a hot, steamily-humid, Saturday evening in June, at a neighboring country-club. My husband and I attended the reunion with former classmates and their spouses, who had contacted us previously and arranged a meeting place so that we could all enjoy ourselves together.

On entering the banquet room there were few faces readily discernible, and I began to wonder if we were in the right place! But my former classmates who presently still resided in the small town where we had all attended the local high school, and who were in almost daily contact with our former classmates reassured me that 'this was the place', and reintroduced us to the assembled couples as we made our whirly-bird path to our table. Let me hasten to add, that while attending high school 'way-back then', I was accepted as a quiet, studious-but-skinny, and very gangly, introverted student. I was presently the exact opposite of all the above-mentioned!

After much "table-Hopping" and the convivial effects of the present atmosphere, everyone seemed friendly and talkative and exchanged their various life histories to and fro. That age-old question---"Whatever happened to Ginny ('Brains') Smythe?" or "Bunny" (class-clown) O'Hare??

Twenty one

What is George (car-happy) Graham doing now?? Has anyone heard from Mike (star-fullback) Murphy???? Or Marilyn (most-popular girl) Roberts????? The last two, Mike and Marilyn went "steady", were the most "adored", and were sure to marry each other, and soon, or so everyone surmised.

On further investigation, Ginny "Brainy" Smith, who always worshiped math and bookkeeping, and aspired to an accounting career, became an officer in a small oil company, and married the boss's son, and is now owner of the oil company.

Robert "Bunny" O'Hare, the class-clown, whose chief claim to fame was his 'gaptooth smile--caused by the absence of his two front teeth; (but for appearances' sake two false teeth which he flipped away at will causing the Halloween-pumpkin-effect, and while the teachers attention was focused elsewhere would regale the class in laughter causing many class uproars), never did seem to find his niche in life; he suffered various life and vocational reversals resulting in nervous breakdowns and is consequently a patient in a mental hospital--I wondered (wryly), if he is a source of amusement there????

George "Car-happy" Graham remained true to his car-addiction and indulged himself in the next best occupation, he operates a gas-service, and car-mechanics business and supposedly satisfied his life's ambition, riding off into the sunset like the proverbial cowboy only he nuzzles his car!

Mike (star-fullback) Murphy became a minor league football player, accustomed to home-town adulation, became disenchanted "on the road"; returned to the small town, married his local sweetheart, and became a food salesman as well as a part-time scout for his old farm league. He provides adequately for his family yet indulges vicariously in his football activities, indulging his whimsy for sports.

Twenty - two

Marilyn (most-popular) Roberts, was one of the most studious, or "brainiest" girls of the class, the epitome, outwardly at least, of the present women's 'lib'. She was undecided on a career, (ascended from a wealthy family who could certainly afford to send her on to college, but she alas declined!), married the most-popular male of the previous class, thereby keeping popularity alive and well; became an extremely domesticated homemaker and produced a houseful of children. She appears very content in her role and happy with her present position in life, and has no desire to change her circumstances. Who would have thought??? She was also chosen 'the best-dressed Girl' in the class yearbook, now she looks very matronly; on one occasion at a recent flower show I saw her in nondescript slacks, WHITE ankle sox and saddle shoes, belying her former title.

Her contemporary, the most popular male of the class, and also a star football player, after college, became a successful insurance salesman broker, and restricts his football to the television screen.

This is not meant to be an indictment of people but it seems that the most notable students of the class, at that period in time, have now become the unobtrusive time pacers; it almost seems as if they expended all their energy while in high school, and had none left for the business of living and enjoying life, they prefer to remain way in the background.

The quiet and studious, while in high school, (and they were occupied as well in activities like school plays, sports, etc.), seem to have plodded away, and as I look over the various faces in my class yearbook, they have become nurses, teachers, a doctor, dentist, bank officers, a newspaper publisher, a minister, accountants, lawyers, and factory officials. They seem to have focused their energies, at that time, into the future, and pressed themselves to their full potential; they seem to have channeled their energies into lifetime vocations and professions.

Twenty-three

It seems strange how life reverses situations, and how prolific and enduring some people are; some have the motivation and use it to its fullest, others seem just to drift.

I am anxiously awaiting the arrival of the invitation proclaiming the next class reunion, and if you receive one to your own high school class reunion, take advantage of that return to those yesteryears, you haven't lived until you do!

Barbara Brandt Happy

Twenty-four

THE PAINTER'S WIFE

I called you and you came home to this heart,
Once, in silver gray not unlike tonight.
Behind us lies the Art, then, well I know;
And well I fear this rounding out of days.
Did you think these breasts would dance for your chalk,
This heart beat but for want of perfect hue?
I'd serve you, husband, as Madonna-wife;
Gladly would I be moon, star, mountain, bird,
Rivers of smile and fair face full of spring
To suit some just cause. Would you lie by me
If it were not for want of a model?
You draw me Madonna, taking the hand
Of one who is no Mary. Art you say?
I feel no glory in your craftsman's touch.
Your hands are too thin to clap of themselves:
You bid, "Lucrezia, help me to applaud",
While mine own fingers seek art of their own.
I, you, together make one and a half.
You lift your chalk, thinking some perfection
Flows like blood in your veins, and wounded, you
Expect the trickling drops to form your craft.
"Draw my blood, Lucrezia, as I draw you"
You said then. Did you hope my love would last
Beyond your kingly days? This face is well
Taken by another. No triumph, then,
For you to have reached and stayed in my heart.
I had married a young man, a painter.
How then can I love a man who is old?
You sought these walls, as you seek your heaven;
Let your New Jerusalem be your wife.
I have loved you quite enough. There is one
Of Lithe and richly textured hands to please
Me more tonight. What is lost? Angels will
Well take care of you, even as I leave.

Ellen M. Guinard

Twenty-five

THE PAINS OF A FRACTURED TOE

A man, crooked and broken,
being wheeled in, his arm half torn off,
bleeding, his face half gone, his ear missing...
A woman in hysteria lying upon the floor, cries bitterly
as she is told she must lose her motherhood...
And me sitting here with a fractured toe.

"Emergency Doctor Jones, Emergency Doctor Jones, you
are wanted in surgery" the intercom screeches...
Doctors and nurses in pure white dresses run in panic,
banging, pushing, falling into each other...
"he has to lose both legs, says one, but he'll
be alright."
And me sitting here with a fractured toe.

A nurse tries to comfort a young couple as they weep
softly, their deformed beautiful baby daughter has
just died...never seeing the world...
And me sitting here with a fractured toe.
I bow my head, I wonder, Is God Just?

A gray table flies by me, on it a small boy,
glass particles in his hair, the mother crying
desperately, blood dripping on the floor...
I gag, I can't take it any longer, I turn I
look out the window...
There, a hearse drives in...
I jump up, I scream, "no God, no. You are not
just...take me, take me."

A young doctor quiets me and sits me down...
"you'll be alright, you'll only have minor pains
from the fractured toe."

Michael Grandone

twenty-six

PSYCHE

Let death in -- I've tried but I failed
My hair is frosty, I am tired,
 wrinkled,
 sad. I know I
have missed something somewhere.

I asked William the bard to direct me to Tintern Abbey in hopes that I may feel a change, but no, he and John were busy talking of Fanny.

I begged Walt to show me his passage to India, but again no -- he and Allen were talking about a supermarket in California.

I have traveled so long looking for the answers --
answers I now realize never to
be found.
I cannot find what others have or even
feel what others did.

Perhaps I have died long ago, and existed
only on
hope.

Michael Grandone

Twenty - seven

A BEAUTIFUL BLINDNESS

Once, I was young,
foolish,
stupid.
Stupid to all things around me.
I had no responsibilities,
no cares,
no problems,
A life of no meaning, no future,
nothing.
Being young and stupid made me blind.
Blind to pain,
sorrow,
war,
death.
As time passed, this beautiful blindness
age restored.
I learned of society,
man,
life.
I only wish I were young, foolish and stupid again.

Michael Grandone

Twenty - eight

Will you start the war today,
Will you use the plan,
Will you bomb out Russia,
China and Japan?
Will we see the red-blood flow,
Will we witness horror,
Will you start the war today,
And leave us no tomorrow?
As for me, I've chosen;
I refuse to fight.
You simply can't convince me
That fighting can be right.
Must there really be a war,
Must you kill for peace,
Or are you merely out to prove
That you're men - not meese?

Robert Flury

twenty-nine

BS, in its modern terms,
Organizes lowly worms,
On the other hand you see,
BS rarely pilots me.

'Gardless of their numbered SIZE,
\$ can be found in eyes
And mouth & ears & scalp & nose;
It even reacheth baby toes.

Always in this vastly land
Will BS serve as \$'s band.
Clutching, holding, tight-secured
And always will be evil lured.

But don't destroy the things they love,
That would be an evil too;
Instead, Redeem a death for life
And build your love around the two.

Robert Flury

thirty

My Friend don't ever fall in love;
Prithee, hear my words.
To hark the beckon of a song
Is merely chasing birds.

If you think the thing is good,
Soon richer you'll be;
For you'll learn as, I did once,
There's strength in misery.

And anyone can take your feelings,
Work them in their hand,
Then when they're finally soft enough,
They'll blow them o'r the land.

They'll burn you from the tips of Hell,
To Satan's dark retreat;
Then from frigid mountain tops
They'll toss you packaged neat.

The thing called love in woman's hand,
Can never quite be trusted;
And when I look in baby's eyes
My whole report is busted.

Robert Flury

thirty - one

I want to write a poem,
Create a moving rhyme.
I never had a chance before,
Never had the time.

I had so many thoughts:
Of war and hate and love,
And politics and presidents,
Of the Hawk and of the Dove.

But now they've all escaped me,
My thoughts have disappeared.
And now that I've got pen in hand,
It happens as I feared.

Worry not poor poet;
Set your mind at ease.
For silent art adds richness
To a gentle breeze.

Robert Flury

thirty - two

Before I die
I wanna see
All the world in liberty
I wanna fly without a plane
Even though I sound insane
Explore Uranus
Visit China
Even give Ali a shiner
I'd like to join the NBA
And be an all-star for a day
I'd like to visit Houyhnhnms-land
And strum a banjo in a band
Of all the things I'd like to try
I wanna live before I die.

Robert Flury

thirty-three

A male friend of mine
a long time ago
found a metal sword
in the snow
on his way home
from Clark University
For days
he entertained the idea
of dashing gallantry
and noble knighthood
till one night
he ran at an old man
with his sword in hand
stopping only with the realization
that he had seriously intended
to kill
Shocked, he came to my house
His face pale
and placed the sword
in a dark corner
and left it there

L. Carruthers

thirty-four

I doubt if it makes
much difference
to the maggots
(as they crawl in and out
of dead soldiers)
if they were killed in
the name of democracy
or communism
or fascism.

L. Carruthers

thirty - five

Tonight was the first time
we were alone together
and though it was spent
doing the laundry
and looking for dungarees
I enjoyed it
To be with you
To watch you
To look into your eyes
and watch them as they gaze back
Clearly and unafraid
To watch as you play with Janis
and see the love you have for life
To hear you speak of trusting and caring
Makes me feel that maybe there's
a chance for us

L. Carruthers

thirty-six

The people
within
the mental hospitals,
Do they
find Reality (pronounced "Bummer")
so horrible
that they prefer
to escape
into the unreal madness of insanity
or was it really all an accident?

L. Carruthers

thirty - seven

The night is silent and warm
black
with sterile breezes
blowing through the sewers

The motorcycle spurts
and sputters masculinity
from its metal frame
a phallic seated male
strides it tightly
and comes with the night

L. Carruthers

thirty - eight

An eternal figure
All knowing
Gandalf like
long flowing hair
whiskers
the mystic with his
all seeing eye
striding forth
through the
universe
passing outward beyond
the stars
the planets
and the Milky Way
or
Inward
toward the inner depths
of life
to where
all life
began and evolved
to
its present day
cycle
of
continuous
change

L. Carruthers

thirty-nine

